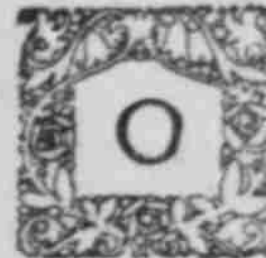


BLIND CANDIDATE FOR MASTER'S DEGREE

David E. Guyton, of Mississippi, Poet, Orator, Teacher, Journalist, Enters Columbia University with Chum of Boyhood Days.



ONE is reminded of Jonathan and David as he watches David E. Guyton and L. T. Lowrey, candidates for the degree of Master of Arts, going from Livingston Hall to the lecture rooms and elsewhere about Columbia University, and it militates nothing against their devotion that because Mr. Guyton is blind Mr. Lowrey goes with him as an attendant.

Down in Blue Mountain, Miss., where the two men live, their families have been neighbors and intimate friends for generations. Their comings and goings and their joys and sorrows have been interlinked. It was altogether natural, therefore, that when Mr. Guyton decided to use his year's leave of absence in studying for his master's degree at Columbia University, he should ask his friend, Mr. Lowrey, who wanted to take the same course, to come with him and act as his secretary.

There have been blind students in Columbia before. Five of them have been graduated from the university and one, William T. Schenck, has recently entered the freshman class. Mr. Guyton is, however, so far as he knows, the only blind man to have taken a post graduate course there or in any other college for seeing men. In spite of his loss of sight he has lived a rich and useful life and, unlike most blind persons, he has lived in a normal way among normal persons. With the exception of one year at the Mississippi State School for the Blind, at Jackson, Miss., he has spent his entire life among seeing persons, has shared their pursuits and taken up the same kind of duties that they are called upon to perform.

"I have been very fortunate," said Mr. Guyton in his rich voice. "I was born on the plantation of my father, Captain J. J. Guyton, in 1880 and had a happy childhood there until I was twelve years old, when I injured one of my eyes with a penknife while playing. Several months later the other eye was sympathetically affected and I became blind."

"My family did their best to make up to me what I lost by my affliction. My dear mother almost lost her voice reading to me and my sisters were always ready to serve as eyes for me. My old mammy, who is still alive, gave me a double share of affection, bless her. Once when I was preparing a paper on Keats our negro house boy, George, read his poetry to me by the hour. I don't know how much he got out of it, but I can hear him yet, reading:—

"I stood tiptoe upon er hill; De air wuz coolin' an' so ve'y still; Dat de sweet buds w'ich wid er modes' pride Pulls drooply, in slanty curve erside, Dere scanty leaves an' finerly taperin' stems, Had not yit los' dey starry diamondens Caught fum de early sobb'n' uv de dawn. De clouds wuz pure an' w'ite ez flocks new sho'n'—"

Here George's voice would begin to falter as his attention wandered, and I would have to bring him back from the plantation to Keats.

"After I came back from my year at Jackson among the blind I had a private



Poetry Was Read to Him by a Negro Boy.

YESTERDAY.

You stabbed my soul with the words you said, Though you meant most kind, I know. The sunlight out of my soul life fled, And my dreams were dust, and my hopes were dead.

And the world was a world of woe. I had built up a castle with golden spires In the land where the sirens sing, With high halls jewelled with dream desires And rife with the music of rhythmic lyres. Like the waft of an angel's wing.

I had delved up fountains with dimpling sprays In a garden of gardens and lawns, The glad some haunts of the fair haired fays

And the sprites that sport in the woodland ways And the blithe souled satyrs and fauns. I had fashioned a bower of roses red, Still bright with the shimmer of dew, With snow white blossoms I had softly spread

A fragrant couch for the curl crowned head And lily white heart of you. With the gift of a Midas I had touched to gold

Every trace of the base in your fate. I had framed you a future with triumphs untold. And every delight of the blithe and the bold, Unmixed with the griefs of the great.

I had found you, a child, in the valley play, Content with the charms of the plain. I had played with your spirit to wander away To the radiant heights where the stout hearted stay.

But my words of entreaty were vain; For you stabbed my soul with the words you said, Though you meant most kind, I know. The sunlight out of my soul life fled, And my dreams are dust, and my hopes are dead.

And the world is a world of woe.

tutor and always, as I have said, the loving assistance of my family. My



Group of Girls Prof. Guyton Taught.

friend, Mr. Lowrey's uncle, was the president of Blue Mountain College, and he suggested that I come there and study. It was so near home and the opportunity was too good a one to refuse, so I entered the college, the only boy among about five hundred girls, and was graduated with an average of a little more than ninety-nine per cent, the only male graduate of this well known college."

Mr. Guyton was made an instructor of French and German in the college, a position which he held for four years, and in spite of his blindness it was said that he could see more that went on in the classroom than most of the other teachers. He is, of course, very sensitive to sounds or confusion of any kind and quickly detects any sign of disorder and is extremely efficient as a disciplinarian. His sister accompanies him to the class room, writes his dictation on the blackboard and reads the exercise to him. So satisfactory was his work

as an instructor that he was soon promoted to a full professorship in English.

This would have been a sufficient achievement for many a blind man, but Mr. Guyton was ambitious. He therefore spent a summer in the Chicago University and a year in the University of Mississippi, where he received the degree of B. S. and had a year of law, leading his class. He did not study law with a view to making it his profession, but for its broadening effect. Mr. Guyton is not only a fine conversationalist, but he has unusual oratorical ability, which he proved in a debate between the University of Mississippi and the University of Texas in which he participated. While he was a student here he acted as assistant editor of the University Annual and of the monthly magazine and editor of the college weekly. He was secretary of a local Greek letter society and is the only blind member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

When he left the university Mr. Guy-

ton continued his literary activities, publishing articles and poems in various magazines of the South and for two years writing a special Sunday feature for the Memphis Commercial-Appeal. Many of these dealt with Southern celebrities. Meanwhile he continued his research work and returned to the Blue Mountain College to accept the offer of the chair of pedagogy. He says that there is a splendid opportunity for teaching in Mississippi and that the salaries are becoming better each year. He therefore encourages students to prepare themselves for the examinations for the various licenses required.

Mr. Guyton teaches at the summer State Normal as well as Blue Mountain College during the year. He is now absent on leave in order to take his master's degree.

"I want to make an impression upon my generation in helping the higher education of the blind. I began with the determination to live normally, and I

have been able to keep it pretty well, but that does not mean that I am not interested in those blind persons who are not able to live in that way. On the contrary, I have a deep sympathy with every blind man who is struggling to make his life tell for good in spite of this handicap, and I want to hold out a helping hand to him whenever I can. I wish to say," added Mr. Guyton, "that I have paid my own way ever since I was graduated from college. I could have had concessions at Columbia and elsewhere, but I have been happy to be able to pay out of my own earnings. I am enjoying New York, but I shall be glad to return to the South."

Mr. Guyton uses an ordinary typewriter and makes few mistakes. He has also learned telegraphy. His versatility is so great that although he loves his teaching he is likely at any time to take up any number of things just to prove to himself that he can do them. Politics is calling him most strongly at present.



DAVID E. GUYTON. PHOTO BY LEWIS STUDD.

FRATERNITY.

We build up temples tall and grand, With gifts we heap our altars high, Unheeding how, on every hand, The hungry and the naked cry.

We sound our creeds in trumpet tone, With zeal we compass land and sea, Unmindful of the sob and moan Of souls that yearn for sympathy.

We hurl to hell, we bear above, With equal ease we loose or bind, Forgetful quite that God is Love, And Love is large and broad and kind.

O Thou Eternal Largeness, teach Our petty, shrivelled souls to swell Till Thou, within their ampler reach, And every human heart may dwell;

Till Love alone becomes the creed Of every nation, tribe and clan, The Fatherhood of God, indeed, The blessed Brotherhood of Man.

Remarkable Achievements of Brilliant Southerner Who, Since Childhood, Has Lived in a World of Darkness—Some Reminiscences.

His love of poetry is very deep, and he has written many poems, some of which have been published. Through most of his verses runs a strain of melancholy, but no discouragement, a basis of sound faith and eternal hope persisting throughout. In reply to a request from the writer of this article Mr. Guyton recited the two poems which he recently wrote and which appear herewith.

It is an interesting circumstance that Helen Keller, Senator Thomas P. Gore and David E. Guyton were born within one hundred and fifty miles of one another.

William R. Schenck, the blind freshman at Columbia University, was graduated from the De Witt Clinton High School at the head of his class. He is taking the arts course preparatory to entering the law school, he having chosen the legal profession as his vocation.

He will receive \$300 a year while in college, but out of this he must pay for the readers necessary for him to carry on his work. He lives at Bayside, Long Island, and goes back and forth to college unaccompanied.

Slot Machine Savings Bank.

ABOUT three years ago a bank in Budapest began the establishment of a series of slot machine savings banks. The machines are arranged for the receipt of two coins. They return a ticket for each coin deposited and these tickets bear interest from the date of their issuance. The rate paid varies with the current bank rate and ranges from three to four per cent; 110 tickets may be exchanged for a bank book. The machine is so constructed that if counterfeit coins are deposited the numbers of the tickets issued for them can be ascertained.

The first slot machine savings bank was placed in front of a branch of the bank in the immediate vicinity of the central railway station, and the receipts of this machine have always been larger than those in other localities. At present there are fourteen machines in operation in Budapest, six of which are located in front of different branches of the bank, six in front of public markets and two in front of a large factory. It is noteworthy that the receipts of the two latter machines have always been less than any others. The use of the slot machine savings banks has increased every year and the bank states that it intends to extend the service. The total deposits in 1912 amounted to 65,000 crowns (\$13,195).

The bank's actual profit in operating these machines is small, but there is an advertising value in them.

Popcorn Balls.

One pint of syrup, one pint of sugar two tablespoonsful of butter and one tea spoonful of vinegar.

Cook till the syrup hardens when dropped into cold water. Remove to back of stove and add one-half tea spoonful of soda dissolved in a table spoonful of hot water, and then pour the hot syrup over four quarts of freshly popped corn, stirring till each kernel is well coated, when it can be moulded into balls or into any desired form.

American Artist Completes First Set of Drawings of Victor Emmanuel Monument in Rome

PERHAPS the most remarkable feat of draughtsmanship ever accomplished has been performed in Rome by a twenty-six-year-old New York architect, Mr. J. M. Berlinger, who recently completed the task of making the first set of drawings of the twenty million dollar Victor Emmanuel Monument in Rome, the cornerstone of which was laid twenty-nine years ago, and which is now nearing completion. The drawings, comprising thirty-five sheets, will probably become the property of the Italian government, which gave permission to Mr. Berlinger to engage in the work. The fact that they are the only set of drawings of the huge structure in existence is due to the method of building. The first architects' plans only served as a beginning, and the actual work was done from plaster models, many changes being made as the work progressed, so that the monument now is different widely from the original design. Like many other historic Italian buildings, it has been an evolution instead of something built from design.

Artist Worked in Rome.

In order to accomplish his undertaking Mr. Berlinger was compelled to traverse every portion of the huge structure, measuring all its parts and making drawings of actual size, which he afterward reduced. This measuring process was often extremely perilous, as he had to climb all over the monument, tape line in hand.

The immensity of the actual draughtsmanship will be appreciated when it is stated that just one of the thirty-five sheets, the large ensemble drawing showing the front of the structure, contains 1,500,000 lines. Prominent architects pronounce this sheet the finest architectural drawing in the world. The lining is so minute and so perfect that nearly every architect who has seen it at first supposed it to be a photographic reduction of a drawing of immense size.

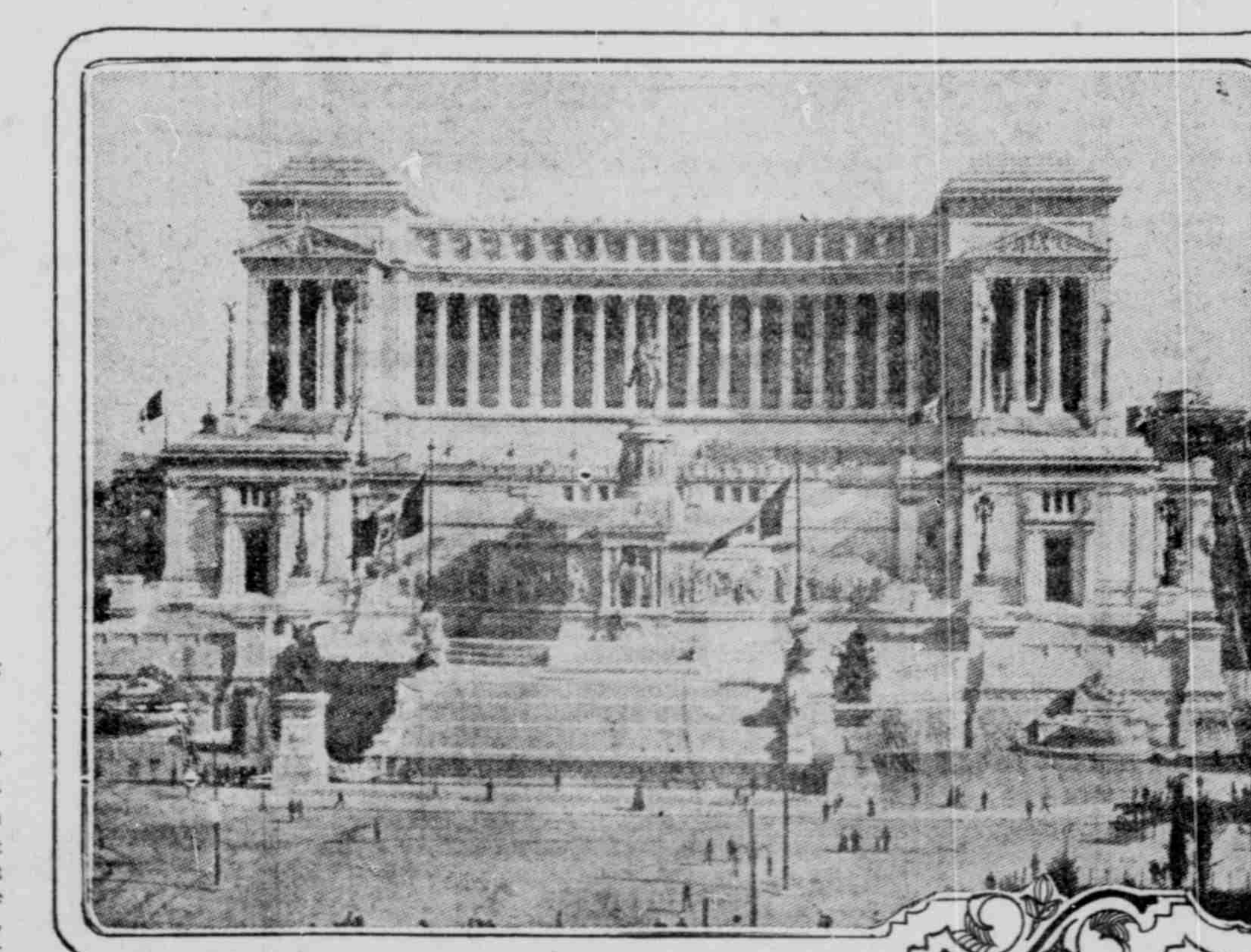


MR. J. M. BERLINGER.

The sculpture in the front of the building is especially well represented.

To the writer Mr. Berlinger said:— "Immediately after the death of Victor Emmanuel II., thirty-six years ago, a royal commission was appointed to obtain designs for a fitting memorial to this first King of a united Italy. The monument was to cost \$20,000,000, and it was to be located in the circular Piazza Termini, near the railway station. The first competition merely helped to frame the programme for the second and more ambitious one, and Sacconi won the commission. The cornerstone was laid in 1885.

"The monument is 422 feet long and 439 feet deep. It is 200 feet to the roof of the colonnade, and another 28 feet to the top of the pyramids supporting the bronze quadriga, each of which towers 270 feet above the ground. It is built of Botticelli marble, from the province of



MONUMENT TO VICTOR EMMANUEL II.

Brescia, in preference to Carrara marble, which would have been too glaring in such a large mass. The exterior pavements are of Mazzano and Torbole marble, blue and white, while the floors of the colonnade, pavilions and porticos are in polished antique and rare marbles.

"Imposing by the groups eighteen feet high, one representing Thought and the other Action, stand as mute custodians

of the entrance. On passing through the gate the stranger sees the high griffons, sentinels of the Forum of Treasure. Ascending a run of steps, he sees the bronze rostrums topped with victories. The steps lead to the first large platform, twenty-three feet above the street level, and then there burst on view the magnificent Altar of Patriotism, 200 feet long, which was modelled by the illustrious Professor Zanelli.

"The right frieze of the altar represents the Triumph of Love of Patriotism, the athletic soldiers carrying the sacred tripod for their sacrifices. The left frieze represents the Triumph of Love of Labor, and shows the toilers bearing the anvil, leading oxen and carrying their products. In the centre is the god Rome, and in its archaic representation the sculptor fulfils



MR. BERLINGER MEASURING THE MONUMENT.

the descriptions of it given by writers of ancient Roman history. Romulus and Remus are there, suckled by the wolf, depicting the tradition of the origin of the city. One cannot help noting the mastery of this young sculptor, Zanelli, the beauty of his composition and the strength of his modelling, which stands for the very best in modern Roman art.

"Ascending the flight of stairs to the square platform directly back of the central fountain, one finds himself face to face with four sculptured groups, representing Power, Concord, Sacrifice and Righteousness, and he gazes at them for a long time, until his attention is attracted by the charming Garibaldi Museum entrance, with graceful festoons over helmets.

"After leaving the Museum one is overwhelmed with the sight of the immense

equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel II., which towers above. Built at a cost of \$300,000, the pedestal rises to a height of forty-two feet. Its rectangular base is decorated with a masterful frieze by the sculptor Macagnani. The figures on the die, also by him, represent the largest cities in Italy.

"The size of the great statue of the Unifier itself is surprising. The horse, of gilded bronze, the work of the sculptor Chiardina, is forty feet long. It is about the same distance to the top of the king's helmet. The fact that thirty-five men were able to partake of a banquet inside the horse gives an idea of its size.

Masterpiece of Sacconi.

"Ascending the stairs back of the monument one is immediately in front but not yet up to the level of the magnificent triumphal colonnade, the most brilliant feature of the massive monument, and which is a beautiful reminder of the old Forum back of it, which it hides. This colonnade is the masterpiece of Sacconi. Its proportions repay the closest study. The columns are five feet in diameter at the base and fifty feet in height, the same proportions as those in the famous temple of Castor and Pollux. The capital used is a study from the temple of Sybilla, at Tivoli, and is distinguished by refined cresting. The colossal and graceful statues around the top symbolize the different provinces of Italy.

"The fact that no detailed drawings of the great monument existed until I measured every part of the surface is due to the evolutionary character of the construction. The monument in general was studied in plaster as its construction progressed, instead of being completely drawn beforehand, as is customary. Experiments were made continually, and many different designs in plaster were tried. It was not till many years after the commencement of the work, for instance, that it was decided to give the monument an interior."